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A NINETY YEARS OLD LEADER.

'I have long wished' writes Frances E. Willard, in connection with the approaching ninetieth birthday of the grand old man of Prohibition, 'that we had a temperance 'Auld Lang Syne' song.' Here is a grand opportunity for our writers to give us a song of universal adaptation that shall signalize the birthday of our noble chief. All over the world, this month, temperance societies are celebrating the ninetieth birthday of the Hon. Neal Dow, the father of the Prohibition movement. Although now of so great an age the General wrote recently that he was in splendid health, that he rises at five o'clock in the morning, as has been his life long custom; walks three miles a day, and in pleasant weather rides fifteen to twenty.'

In physical contour the General is slight of stature, but firmly and solidly built. His face is strongly Roman, with all the daring aggressiveness indicated that this type of character represents. There is evidently no cowardice in his nature. He is not the man to hesitate when a hard blow is to be struck. Yet mingled with all this fiery hatred of wrong, there beams a resplendent sympathy that betokens the man of marked moral endowment. His sympathy incites; his conscience dares, and these elements of ethical force, fortified by a vigorous intellect have made him the St. Simon of the prohibition movement throughout the civilized world.

Neal Dow was born on the 20th of March, 1804. His parents were Friends, as were all his ancestors, paternal and maternal, as far back as anything is known of them. They were all well-to-do farmers; sober, industrious, thrifty workers; living peaceful lives; good citizens with no embroilments of any kind with neighbors or others. Neal Dow's education was first at dames' schools, afterwards at a town school, Moses Hale, principal; after that at private schools, one of them Rev. Mr. Weston, principal; of the other Rev. Joshua Taylor, principal. Then for three years Portland Academy, Bosalee Cushman, principal; then at Friends' Academy, at New Bedford, Mass., Thos. A. Greene, principal. From that he was put into the tannery of his father to learn the art and mystery of converting the raw skins of animals into material required for the various needs of civilized life. At his majority his father received him as partner in his business.

He became interested early in life in the temperance cause and temperance work, largely under the teaching of Rev. Justin Edwards, D.D., who devoted several years of his life to temperance missionary work among the churches throughout the country. It was soon manifested to Mr. Dow that no permanent improvement could be expected in the condition of the

people while grog-shops were permitted to spread before them temptations to intemperance. In those days the liquor traffic was everywhere in Maine as it is now in many of the States. Very soon after his enlistment in the temperance cause, he gave his attention mostly to the work of enlightening public opinion as to the essential wickedness of that trade, showing that it was inconsistent with the public welfare, and sought, therefore, to put it into the category of forbidden occupations.

He received a note one day from a lady whom he knew, expressing a wish to see him. Her husband was a graduate of Harvard, and had an important office in

family would be at once without resources.

'It is my business to sell rum,' he replied; 'I have a license to sell rum; I shall sell it to any one who wants it and has the money to pay for it; I support my family by selling rum; I want none of your advice; when I want it I'll send for you; until then, keep it to yourself.'

'You have a license to sell rum, have you?' Mr. Dow replied. 'You will sell it to any one who can pay for it, will you? You support your family by destroying the families of others, do you? Heaven helping me, I'll see if I cannot change all that.'

Taking Mr. Blank by the arm, Mr. Dow led him home, and from that day began a

inevitable cause of a very large proportion of the poverty, pauperism, crime of the country, and almost all the misery and wretchedness of the people; that it inflicts more mischief to the State and more misery to the people than are produced by all other sources of mischief combined. By constant, unceasing work among the people along the lines, by a large majority, they came to it as Mr. Dow and his helpers wished them to do. In all these excursions a large quantity of temperance tracts were taken along with them, and these were thrown out at the doors of houses as they passed along; and especially they were freely distributed among the children at the school-houses, and among the people at the meetings.

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Dow was Mayor of Portland; the Legislation was in session. With an anti-liquor bill in his pocket, carefully drawn by him, he went to Augusta and had a public hearing in the Representatives' Hall, crowded to its utmost capacity. At the close of the hearing the Special Joint Committee unanimously adopted the bill as presented by Mr. Dow. It was reported to the legislature the next morning, the last day of the session, and was enacted on that day without change by a vote of 18 to 10 in the Senate, and 86 to 40 in the House. That was Saturday, the last day of May. It was approved by the Governor on Monday, the 2nd of June, and took effect immediately upon its signature by him. That bill thus passed is known everywhere as 'The Maine Law.' Mr. Dow was twice Mayor of Portland. Prohibition in Maine, originating in the adoption of that bill, yet remains, stronger than ever in the public opinion of the State. In 1884, it was put into the Constitution by a majority vote of 47,075 the affirmative three times larger than the negative.

'In 1857, Mr. Dow went to England, at the invitation of the United Kingdom Alliance, for the immediate legal prohibition of the liquor traffic.' In 1866 and 1873, he went there again as the guest of the Alliance, and attended many prohibition meetings in almost every part of the Kingdom. All his work in the United Kingdom was gratuitous and in all occupied him about three years. In the summer, unfavorable for great meetings, he spent the time on the Continent, travelling in France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Germany, Switzerland and Italy.

In 1861, Mr. Dow raised a regiment of infantry of one thousand men, and by special permission of the Secretary of War, he raised also a battery of artillery. He went in midwinter of 1861-2 directly to the Department of the Gulf, as Colonel of the 13th Maine Volunteers, and soon after his arrival at Ship Island, he received from President Lincoln a commission as Briga-



THE HON. NEAL DOW.

the U. S. Service. He was a dipsomaniac. There was a large family whose only dependence was upon the salary of the father. His chief had warned him that he could not retain his position unless he improved his habits. His wife said he went only to one shop for his drink and if the keeper would not sell him any she could keep him in the house until fit to appear again at the office. Dr. Dow went directly to the rum shop and said: 'is Mr. Blank here?' 'No,' said the rumrunner; but hearing voices in the back shop, Mr. Dow opened the door, and seeing Mr. Blank in the group of drinkers, pulled him out and stated the case to the proprietor and begged him to sell no more to this man, otherwise he would certainly lose his situation and his

war of extermination of the grog-shops. Winter and summer, hot and cold, wet and dry, he made for ten years missionary tours through the State, taking always one friend with him in his carriage, (Mr. Shirley, now of Brooklyn, N. Y.), often taking two, sometimes three with him, paying all expenses. Series of meetings were arranged before-hand. Often these missionaries arriving at a town, had nothing to do but to drive up to the Country Town House, church or road-side school house, finding them already crowded with farmers, their wives, sons and daughters, waiting for the coming of these crusaders.

It was the purpose of this work to lay out before the people the true character of the liquor traffic, being the direct and

dier-General. He remained at Ship Island in command of that post and of Fort Pike for some months; then transferred to the Department of Florida where he was in command for some months, of headquarters at Pensacola. From there he was transferred to Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson, at the mouth of the Mississippi, headquarters at Fort St. Philip; having command at the same time of Ship Island and Fort Pike. From Fort St. Philip he was assigned to Fort Parapet in Louisiana, where he had under his command, at one time, twelve thousand men. From Fort Parapet he was ordered to join the command of Gen. Banks and take part in the attack on Port Hudson, where he was twice wounded. He was taken to a plantation house in the rear beyond the lines, where he was captured by a squad of Logan's Cavalry, and taken to Libby Prison, travelling slowly through the heart of rebellion.

At Libby Prison he slept upon the bare floor through the exceptionally cold winter of 1863-64, and in March, '64, was exchanged for Fitz Hugh Lee. His health was so much shattered at Libby Prison that he had a furlough, and just on the week when his health would permit him to return to the field, the rebellion was so far subdued that its collapse was only a question of a month or two, and though all ready with luggage packed to do so, he did not go to the front again.

A CRITICAL VISITOR.

Grace C—, last summer, visited for the first time her cousins in Dunville. Her reputation preceded her. She was beautiful, clever, a fine musician, an ambitious artist. Louisa and Jane, used to quiet village life, were alarmed and anxious until their cousin's cordial manner and laughing face relieved them.

She arrived in the morning, and by the time the noon dinner was over they were enthusiastic in admiration of her beauty and wit. She knew all the new music, had seen all the best pictures and had met almost everybody worth knowing in the seaboard cities.

During the afternoon one of their companions called.

'That is my dearest friend,' Louisa said when she was gone.

'How oddly she resembles a little white owl,' remarked Grace carelessly.

Louisa was startled and silent. Undoubtedly, with all of Mary's virtues and graces, she did not look unlike a fluffy white owl.

'Uncle Joshua,' said Jane, when another caller went out, 'is considered the most just judge on the bench in this State. He is your uncle, too, Grace.'

'How glad I am! But do his trousers always lag so at the knee?'

This novel kind of criticism was continued, accompanied sometimes with an arch bit of mimicry of the oddity of each new relation who came to welcome her.

Her cousins laughed, but they were perplexed and frightened. It was not ill-nature; she was so merry and gay. She probably had a keen artistic eye. Certainly they never before had seen Uncle Joshua's baggy trousers, nor Dr. Floyd's red nose, nor observed how much like a terrier dog Aunt Susie looked, nor how like a file dear grandpa's voice was. Their little world seemed to start out in new lights, and to take on new meanings.

For a week or two the family clustered around Grace, delighted. She kept them laughing perpetually. She discovered the oddest resemblances, the most whimsical absurdities in the people whom they had known and loved since childhood. Presently Louisa and Jane timidly began to imitate her sallies of personal criticism, and were astonished to find how easy it was to bring a laugh and applause with ridicule. But in the course of a month they found that they had oddly lost the power of seeing beyond these absurd points in their friends. How could they remember Aunt Susie's noble life, when her ridiculous nose was in sight? They could not gather the meaning of the sermon, because the new preacher's eyes were crossed, and they were actually ashamed now to speak of his noble life or the truths in the sermon. Noses, and trousers, and crossed eyes were the important matters of life. Every day their horizon grew narrower, and the world meaner.

Grace did not leave them until September.

'Open the windows! Let the fresh air in once more,' said Uncle Joshua, as she drove away. 'There are people, who, for the sake of raising a laugh, belittle their talk, their minds, and at last the lives of all who fall under their influence.'

'She had a quick eye,' said Louisa apologetically.

'For personal peculiarities; but even a dog looks below them. He does not care whether his master has a broken nose or a glass eye. It is his soul that he reads in his face; his kindness or cruelty, or love. Shall we be more blind than a dog?'—*Apostolic Guide.*

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in December, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring boy-cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine. The older boy took his hand in a kind, fatherly way and said:—

'Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it's a great deal better to whistle.'

And he began, in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

'I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie,' said he. 'My lips won't pucker up good.'

'Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet,' said Charlie. 'But you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away.'—*Early Dew.*

BAND OF MERCY BOYS.

A short time ago as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot on the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me whistling, I said:—

'Why did you pick up that pitcher?'

'I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot,' he replied.

The next question was a natural one:—

'Are you a Band of Mercy boy?'

He smiled and he said:—

'Oh, yes; that's why I did it.'

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I assure you.—*School and Home.*

NEAL DOW ON THE MAINE LAW.

The sham of Maine of the National drink bill would be more than \$13,000,000, but, to-day, half a million dollars will pay for all the liquor smuggled into the State and sold in violation of law.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25, 1894.

1. REVIEW.—Gen. 1:18.

Old Testament History.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.'—Matt. 22:32.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 1:26-31; 3:1-15.—Lessons I, II.
T. Gen. 4:1-12.—Lesson III.
W. Gen. 9:8-12; 12:1-9.—Lessons IV, V.
Th. Gen. 17:1-19; 18:1-33.—Lessons VI, VII.

XII.

F. Gen. 22:1-18.—Lesson VIII.
S. Gen. 25:27-34; 27:22-40.—Lesson IX.
S. Gen. 28:1-22; Prov. 20:1-7.—Lessons X, XI.

XII.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent.—What book have we studied during this quarter?
School.—The book of Genesis.
Supt.—Why is this book called Genesis?
School.—Because it gives an account of the creation of all things.
Supt.—What does this book say about the origin of all things?
School.—In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
Supt.—What have we learned of the creation of man?

School.—God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

Supt.—What did God do on the seventh day?

School.—God rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

Supt.—What tree was forbidden to Adam and Eve?

School.—The tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Supt.—What was to be the penalty of eating of this tree?

School.—In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

Supt.—What did the serpent say to the woman?

School.—Ye shall not surely die.

Supt.—What did the woman do?

School.—She took of the fruit, and gave also unto her husband.

Supt.—What offering did Cain and Abel bring?

School.—Cain brought of the fruits of the ground. Abel brought of the firstling of his flock.

Supt.—How were the offerings received?

School.—The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect.

Supt.—What did Cain do in his wrath?

School.—Cain rose up against his brother, and slew him.

Supt.—Why did God destroy the world with a flood?

School.—The earth was corrupt before God, and filled with violence.

Supt.—What was the promise of God's covenant with Noah?

School.—The world should never again be destroyed by a flood.

Supt.—What did God make the sign of this covenant?

School.—The bow in the cloud.

Supt.—How did the Lord call Abram?

School.—The Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, unto a land that I will show thee.

Supt.—What did the Lord promise him?

School.—I will make thee a great nation; in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

Supt.—What are we told of Abraham's faith?

School.—He believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness. Gen. 15:6.

Supt.—For the sake of how many righteous men did the Lord promise to spare Sodom?

School.—He said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

Supt.—How did the Lord destroy Sodom?

School.—The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain. Gen. 19:24, 25.

Supt.—How did the Lord try the faith of Abraham?

School.—He said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering.

Supt.—With what vision was Jacob favored at Bethel?

School.—He dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

Supt.—What promise did God renew to Jacob?

School.—In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

Review drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Review Questions.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text of the Review Lesson?

School.—I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Matt. 22:32.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25, 1894.

2. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Mark 16:1-8.

Easter Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'But now is Christ risen from the dead.'—1 Cor. 15:20.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 19:31-42.—The Burial of Jesus.

T. Matt. 27:57-66.—The Guard at the Tomb.

W. Mark 16:1-13.—Christ Risen.

Th. Matt. 28:1-15.—The Council's False Report.

F. 1 Cor. 15:1-27.—Christ the First Fruits.

S. 1 Cor. 15:28-58.—Death Swallowed up in Victory.

S. Acts 1:1-12.—The Ascension.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Women at the Grave, vs. 1, 2.

II. The Stone Rolled Away, vs. 3, 4.

III. The Angel and his Message, vs. 5-8.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Sunday morning, April 9, the third day after the crucifixion; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome, Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—The tomb, in the garden near Calvary.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. And when the Sabbath was past—after sunset on Saturday. Sweet spices—myrrh, aloes and other perfumes. 2. Very early—starting at dawn and arriving at sunrise. The first day of the week—henceforth to be honored as the Lord's day, the Christian Sabbath. 3. Rolled away—the Lord had removed the difficulty that troubled them. 4. Entering—it was a cave of considerable size, hollowed out in the rock. A young man—in appearance, but really an angel. Matt. 28:2, 5. 6. Be not affrighted—those who seek Jesus have no cause to fear. 7. Go your way—do not waste time by delay, but tell the joyful news at once. And Peter—specially named, because he needed special proof of forgiveness. As he said to you—Mark 14:28. Trembled—they were so struck with awe at the sight of the angel that they did not stop on the way, but hurried at once to find the disciples.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jesus buried? Who witnessed his burial? How long did he remain in the tomb? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE WOMEN AT THE GRAVE, vs. 1, 2.—Who went early to the sepulchre? On what day? For what purpose? What led them to do this? Why did they not go the day before? Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?

II. THE STONE ROLLED AWAY, vs. 3, 4.—What did they say among themselves on the way? What did they see at the sepulchre? How had the stone been rolled away?—Matt. 28:2-4.

III. THE ANGEL AND HIS MESSAGE, vs. 5-8.—Whom did the women see in the sepulchre? How did they feel when they saw the angel? What did the angel say to them? To whom did he send them? With what message? Why was a special message sent to Peter? Where were the disciples to meet Jesus? When had Jesus promised to meet them in Galilee? What did the women do? Wherein consisteth Christ's exaltation?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We have a risen and a living Saviour.
2. Because he lives we shall live also.
3. We should be glad to tell others of this living Saviour.
4. Loving devotion to Jesus finds great honor and sweet reward.
5. Christ's resurrection is a pledge and pattern of his people's resurrection.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. When did Christ rise from the dead? Ans. Early in the morning on the first day of the week.
2. How was his resurrection made known? Ans. An angel told the good news to some women who came to the sepulchre.
3. What did the angel first say to the women? Ans. Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified; he is risen.
4. What direction did the angel give them? Ans. Go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.
5. What did the women do? Ans. They went out quickly, and hastened to tell the news to the disciples.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY (Continued).

LESSON I.—APRIL 1, 1894.

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

Gen. 32:9-12, 21, 30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.'—Gen. 32:26.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 29:1-14.—Jacob at Padanaram.

T. Gen. 31:1-55.—Jacob Parting with Laban.

W. Gen. 32:1-12.—Jacob's Message to Esau.

Th. Gen. 32:13-21.—Jacob's Present to Esau.

F. Gen. 32:22-32.—Jacob's New Name.

S. Luke 11:1-13.—Importunity in Prayer.

S. Luke 18:1-8.—Perseverance in Prayer.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Praying for Deliverance, vs. 9-12.

II. Wrestling with the Angel, vs. 21, 25.

III. Getting the Blessing, vs. 26-30.

TIME.—B.C. 1739, twenty-one years—according to other authorities forty years—after the vision at Bethel.

PLACE.—Peniel, at one of the fords of Jabbok, a stream entering the Jordan from the east, halfway between the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee.

OPENING WORDS.

Jacob went from Bethel (Lesson X, last quarter) to Harnai. There he married Leah and Rachel, and remained twenty, or, according to another reckoning, forty years. Eleven sons were born to him, and he became rich in flocks. He was now returning to Canaan. Word was brought to him that Esau was coming to meet him with four hundred men. After making prudent arrangements for the meeting, Jacob sought in solitude the God of his fathers.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

9. Saidst unto me—see chap. 31:3. Thy country—Canaan. 10. With my staff—with no property. Jordan—the principal river of Palestine. Two bands—with his wives, children, servants and flocks. 12. Thou saidst—see chap. 28:13-15. 21. A man—in v. 30 Jacob calls him 'God.' In Hosea 12:4, 5, he is called 'the Angel,' the Angel of the Covenant. 25. Touched—to show his divine power. Follow of his thigh—the socket of his hip-joint. 26. Let me go—Jacob still clung to him. 2 Cor. 12:10. 27. I will not let thee go—he wants a new blessing. 28. No more Jacob, but Israel—no more 'supplanter,' but now 'prince with God.' 30. Peniel—'face of God.'

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jacob go from Bethel? Whom did he marry? How was he prospered? Why did he fear Esau? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE, vs. 9-12.—What was Jacob's prayer? What promise did he plead? What confession did he make? What thanks did he give? What should we do when in trouble? Psalm 60:15. What counsel does the apostle give us in Phil. 4:6?

II. WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL, vs. 21, 25.—Who wrestled with Jacob? What is he called in v. 30? What in Hosea 12:4? Who was he? How long did the wrestling continue? Of what was it an emblem? How did the angel show his power? What did he request? What did Jacob reply?

III. GETTING THE BLESSING, vs. 26-30.—What did the angel inquire? What did Jacob answer? What new name did he receive? Why? What blessing did he seek? What blessing did he get?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should be earnest and importunate in prayer.
2. It is only in God's own strength that we can prevail with God.
3. God always answers prayer; if not in the way we ask, in a better way.
4. Power with God will give power with men.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. For what did Jacob pray? Ans. For deliverance from Esau his brother.
2. Where did he send his family and goods? Ans. Over the brook Jabbok.
3. What took place in the night? Ans. An angel wrestled with him.
4. What new name did he receive from the angel? Ans. Israel, 'prince' or 'prevailer with God.'
5. What reason did the angel give for this new name? Ans. For as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSE.

There is nothing which will save both time and strength—yes, and patience too more than an unwavering habit of always putting everything in its place when putting it away, and having that place near by. Everything, every single article, should have its own corner, or nail, and always be put thereon. A housekeeper ought to be able to go to her kitchen or pantry in the dark and lay her hand instantly on anything wanted. Another way of saving steps is by carrying a good deal at once. That not all homes are arranged conveniently for housekeeping is an unfortunate fact; a fact, by the way, which might be overcome more often than it is by the housewife if she only thought so. A good many people accept everything as they find it—especially things of a house—without once thinking that they can have it altered.

But sometimes, alas! too often, a woman finds herself set down in a house planned by a man who never dreamed of housework ever getting done except by magic. She finds her pantry and kitchen sink and stove at three corners of the world—her world, and her dining-room door as far from them as possible, with its china-closet, perhaps, on the further side. This state of things necessitates miles on miles of weary travel. If she would save much of it, let her get a light table made, having stout legs on which are strong castors. On this put the dishes and carry them back and forth all at once. It would be well to have boards nailed about the top of the table and slanted outward a little, to fence in whatever is carried.

Such a table will be found useful for many other things, and on many another occasion than the setting and clearing off of tables. Try it. If you can't get the table made, utilize an old one of some sort. Putting on of castors is not an impossibility to a woman. It may be something of a task at first to plan so as to carry enough at once to save many journeys, but it soon can be learned. It is simply a question of 'making one's head save one's heels.' There are people who seem to prefer to exercise heels instead of head, and trot by the hour with one or two things at a time. To such I am not talking. They were never meant for housekeepers.

It is wonderful how castors will lighten housework generally. I often marvel that so many women will tug through the world without them. I know one woman who went through a lifetime with beds and bureaus that could never be removed for sweeping, and never for housecleaning without the greatest difficulty. She never even thought of any way of remedying the trouble. How much strength she might have saved! Does she stand alone?

Another way to save work is to sweep the kitchen the first thing in the morning, while the fire is coming up. There will be more or less dust and ashes scattered in starting up the fire, if there is not a good deal left over from the day before; and the constant stepping back and forth, necessary while getting breakfast, will tread whatever is under foot into the floor, and soon you'll find a decided cloud on the floor about the stove. It will take much hard scrubbing to get it out, if indeed you are at all able to do so.

What is done with the kitchen refuse? Let me suggest that a pan be kept in some handy corner to receive such garbage; then when the fire will not be troubled by it, it can be burned, or if chickens are kept, it can be added to their feed at the proper time.

The semi-annual moving of stoves is a great bugbear in many homes, for not all have furnaces. This task, like most others, may be reduced to a trifle. Let the housewife take off all doors and movables; carefully dust and label and pack in papers, and lay away in some dry place. This is in taking down the stove in the spring. Then thoroughly clean it out and carry off all coal and ashes. Remove the pipe, empty out all soot and brush clean. Rub with an oily cloth and put away. Now for the stove. If there 'is a man to the fore,' let him borrow or buy a common truck, slip the front end under the edge of the stove, tip it over on the truck and walk

off with it to wherever you wish it to stand through the summer. You'll be astonished to see how easily he will do it.—*Rose Thorn, in Christian at Work.*

GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

The gospel of health makes rest an essential. The husband who believes in it, not only plans his own life to ensure the needful seven or eight hours' sleep, but he is careful his faithful wife shall have her legitimate share.

'What makes you leave the reading-room so early, Smith? You're not like some of us, forced to rise with the lark! You don't open shop till eight, like the rest of them, so can't want to go to bed betimes.'

'I go to bed at ten and rise at six,' was the quiet reply; 'but I got home by nine, to let my wife have an extra hour.' She's on her feet the greater part of the day, and needs the extra; so she sets the supper and I clear away.'

That explained why Mrs. Smith was so beaming and rosy among neighbors who were wan and weary. The consideration which planned the extra hour's rest would, we may be sure, have other plans by which to save the mother of the home undue fatigue, and ensure to her her rights of recreation.

In contrast to the above we knew a man who excused his wife from her attendance at church by saying: 'You see, we can't both leave at once. I take the morning and she the evening on the Sunday; but by night-time she's tired, and doesn't much care for coming out, so I make use of her turn.'

Why should he not have planned the morning for his wife, when she was not tired, and have taken the evening for himself? Probably the answer would have been, 'Because in the morning there was the dinner to cook.'

Ah! when will husbands learn that 'the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment?' When will they plead for a Sunday dinner cooked on Saturday, which gives 'mother' her chance of a Sabbath of rest, like others of the family? When? When men who acknowledge themselves to be followers of Christ believe in and live out the teaching of the gospel of health.—*Light in the Home.*

THE BEST-PARLOR.

'When I went to housekeeping,' said a grandmother whose family has been almost a model—'when I went to housekeeping, I made up my mind that I should never have a room to shut up for strangers until I had so much room in my house that I could spare it as well as not. When my children were growing up, I took every advantage that the dwelling afforded for their use. The best parlor did not exist, and nothing about the place was kept as though it were too good for the pleasure of those that were dearest to me. I have taken great delight in the fact that my house was the favorite resort for all the children and young people in the neighborhood. As they grew up they preferred their more sedate amusements, and one of the rooms was set apart for them; the younger children had another.'

'My friends have often laughed at me at turning my whole place into a kindergarten; but when I look around and see the difference between my children and proteges and the young people in families where everything was too good to use, I can only thank heaven that I was led to appropriate to the use of the little ones the brightest, best and cheeriest that my means afforded. If boys and girls cannot find pleasure at home, they will seek it elsewhere; if I had to buy a new carpet every year I did it with a good grace, when I could; when I was not able to buy it, we polished the floor and went without it. The wear and tear of carpets in our house was really something dreadful; and many a lecture have I got from my friends for what they considered extravagant and destructive management, but I have my boys and girls, and I can say it with thankfulness, the boys and girls of many other families to look upon with pleasure, and I think that the investment was much better than carefully kept floor-coverings. Those we can get later in life, but the boy or girl who begins a career by going off on the sly

to perpetrate some mischief or finds it necessary to deceive the parents in order to escape censure, has started in on a much more costly line than the furnishing of play-rooms.

I verily believe that if the best parlor in nineteenth of the houses of people of moderate means were turned into a play-room, and a certain amount set apart for providing toys, games, books and other forms of amusement, that the criminal record of the next generation would be lowered one-half. Children go out for the sake of company and go where they are welcome. The saloons have an efficient corps of recruiting-officers looking for them as soon as they reach mature years. Father and mother can do much with children when they are little. When they have grown older, if the early training has been neglected, it is pretty likely to be a hopeless undertaking to make anything very good of them.

KEEPING PICKED UP.

One of the most serious troubles of housekeeping, if one is to judge not by the importance of particulars, but by the aggregate of time and energy involved, is the constant struggle over the matter of picking up. All about the house, in a dozen different rooms, there are countless articles in constant use, that are often needed by different members of the family. This is especially true in regard to three things. One of these is papers. I never could discover why there should not be a separate place for each paper, as well as for each article of furniture. The second class of articles that troubles the housewife are tools. Where are the scissors? Where is the clothes-brush, the hat-brush, the tack-hammer, the rake? Such queries, uttered with various degrees of querulous emphasis, are resounding over thousands of homes at this minute.

And a third difficulty relates to garments—overshoes and overcoats, hats and gloves, canes and umbrellas, and all similar articles, which cause a great part of the friction and fretfulness of many a family.

I know of one household where this difficulty, at least, is met in a very practical fashion. At the end of the hall is a long rack divided into compartments, one for each of the nine members of the family, and each compartment has a place for one hat, one coat, one umbrella, and one pair of overshoes. Moreover, each compartment is named and numbered!

How is it possible to inculcate in a family the faculty of keeping picked up? One step toward a reform is contained in the first part of the familiar adage, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.' Very seldom is there a place for everything. Very seldom, indeed, is there a place for half the things. An hour spent in establishing well-understood places for different articles, on shelves and tables, in this and that room and corner, would save an immense number of days spent in looking and worrying, and often—in quarrelling.

Another step toward this reform is the gaining of the useful habit of putting away, at the end of work, everything connected with the work,—the fragments left over, the tools, the tables, and everything of the sort. At the end of work, of course, one is tired, but the putting away is much easier then. The articles are fresh in one's mind, and one knows just where they came from. Besides, if one waits, there will be soon a new set of impedimenta, and then another, and another, until the accumulation has become disheartening.

A habit well worth any one's trouble to cultivate is that of giving a quick glance around before going to any distant room, or to another floor of the house,—a glance that will see whether there is not some misplaced article that could be taken along and put back where it belongs. 'Always go with your hands full,' was the maxim of a careful housekeeper I have heard of; and it is not a bad maxim. Every step, then, is made to do double duty, and this habit, though awkward at first, soon becomes instinctive.

'But,' you object, 'the other members of the family are so careless, and I can do nothing alone.' Never mind. Do you begin. You have no idea how contagious good habits are, as well as bad. Ask the other members of the family to read this

article, and then enter with them into a solemn picking-up alliance, offensive and defensive.—*Golden Rule.*

DARK CELLARS.

Many ladies never see the cellar, they cannot tell whether the floor is cemented or not, whether the winter rains soak into it or not, or whether it is dark or light.

From the cellar arises the malarial tendency that does so much to sap the vitality of the family—now what can be done? In the first place the cellar is too dark, and that makes it damp. There ought to be windows on every side of the house that can be opened to let the dampness out and the sunshine in. People are like plants, in the shade they become dwarfed in the body and soul, hope and courage die, and life seems a horrid nightmare. But when the sun shines on them, they are warmed into life, hope is resurrected, and they are ready for the battle.

A dark cellar is full of the germs of disease, and should receive constant attention. The floor should be cemented, (and it should be swept once in every week,) the ceiling should be whitewashed once a year at the least, windows should be opened every day in summer, and one of them be left open all the time, for it can be protected from stray cats by heavy wire netting. Of course that advice will not do for winter weather, for the floors would be so chilled that no furnace would be capable to warm them to a proper degree of temperature; but they ought to be opened at proper times, a draught of air be allowed to blow through the open windows, and then be closed as tightly as before.

Health should be the first consideration in every household, for health once lost cannot be bought again at any price. Common-sense will do more to aid in securing health against the probability of departure than anything else; quack medicines, nostrums, liniments, or any other thing cannot cure all the ills of man, but common-sense can do a great deal towards preventing those ills, even if it cannot always compass a perfect cure when they have really come to stay.

Down in the dark cellar begin a great many of them, so do not permit it to be dark; the damp floor sends up many a waft of rheumatic encouragers, so do not let it remain damp; and be very sure that plenty of sunshine will condone many of these evils.—*Christian at Work.*

RECIPES.

WAFER COOKIES.—Two cups of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three pints of flour, one-half teaspoonful of mace. These must be made in a cool room, and cannot be made in very warm weather. Roll very thin, cut and bake in a hot oven. They keep indefinitely.

PLAIN OMELETTE.—Beat four eggs very light. Have ready a pan of hot butter, pour the beaten eggs into it, and fry it till it is of a fine brown on the under side, then lap one half over the other, and serve it hot. Just before you lap it, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the top. Chopped parsley or onion may be mixed with the egg before it is fried.

CREAM CAKE.—Mix two cups of flour and two level teaspoons cream tartar and one of soda, make well in centre, into which put one cup sugar, one of sweet cream, one egg and small teaspoon salt; mix all quickly together, flavor with teaspoon lemon, put in pan to bake. Adding a cup of raisins or currants makes a nice cake pudding to eat hot with sauce. Sour cream can be used instead of sweet by omitting the cream tartar and using two eggs instead of one.

APPLE SPONGE.—Boil until clear one teaspoonful of sugar and one of water, then put in one quart of quartered and cored but not pared sour apples, cover and stew tender. Soak one ounce of gelatine two hours in cold water, then add the juice of two large lemons, turn into the hot apple and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Press the fruit through a colander, beat until light, and when partly cool add the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into a wet mold and stand in a refrigerator. Make a custard sauce of one pint of milk sweetened and flavored and the yolk of the eggs. Turn the sponge out into a glass dish, pour the custard around it (cold) and serve.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS.—Pick over and wash one quart of pea beans. Put into cold water and parboil. When the skins crack the beans are ready to be baked. Add one-half teaspoonful soda, and stir. Let them stand a few moments, turn off the water, and put part of them into the bean pot. Put in one-pound salt pork, with cut side up, then add the remainder of the beans. Mix together in a cup one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoonful mustard, a pinch of soda. Add one tablespoonful of sugar and one of molasses. Fill the cup with hot water, pour over the beans, rinse all the molasses from the cup, and add to beans enough hot water to cover. Cook from eight to ten hours in a moderate oven, replacing the water lost by evaporation. The amount of salt will depend upon whether the pork is fat or lean; the leaner the pork, the saltier it will be. For those who like the beans very dark, add all molasses.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. F. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

I will give only one more example.

If you are painting in water-colors on greasy paper or certain shiny surfaces the paint will not lie smoothly on the paper, but runs together in the well-known way; a very little ox-gall, however, makes it lie perfectly, because ox-gall so reduces the strength of the skin of water that it will wet surfaces that pure water will not wet. This reduction of the surface tension you

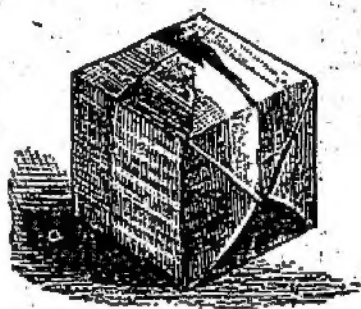


FIG. 15.

can see if I use the same wire frame a third time. The ether has now evaporated, and I can again make it rest against the surface of the water, but very soon after I touch the water with a brush containing ox-gall the frame jumps up as suddenly as before.

It is quite unnecessary that I should any further insist upon the fact that the outside of a liquid acts as if it were a perfectly elastic skin stretched with a certain definite force.

Suppose now that you take a small quantity of water, say as much as would go into a nut-shell, and suddenly let it go, what will happen? Of course it will fall down and be dashed against the ground. Or again, suppose you take the same quantity of water and lay it carefully upon a cake of paraffin wax dusted over with lycopodium which it does not wet, what will happen? Here again the weight of the drop—that which makes it fall if not held—will squeeze it against the paraffin and make it spread out into a flat cake. What would happen if the weight of the drop or the force pulling it downwards could be prevented from acting? In such a case the drop would only feel the effect of the elastic skin, which would try to pull it into such a form as to make the surface as small as possible. It would in fact rapidly become a perfectly round ball, because in no other way can so small a surface be obtained. If, instead of taking so much water, we were to take a drop about as large as a pin's head, then the weight which tends to squeeze it out or make it fall would be far less, while the skin would be just as strong, and would in reality have a greater moulding power, though why I cannot now explain. We should therefore expect that by taking a sufficiently small quantity of water the moulding power of the skin would ultimately be able almost entirely to counteract the weight of the drop, so that very small drops should appear like perfect little balls. If you have found any difficulty in following this argument, a very simple illustration will make it clear. You may

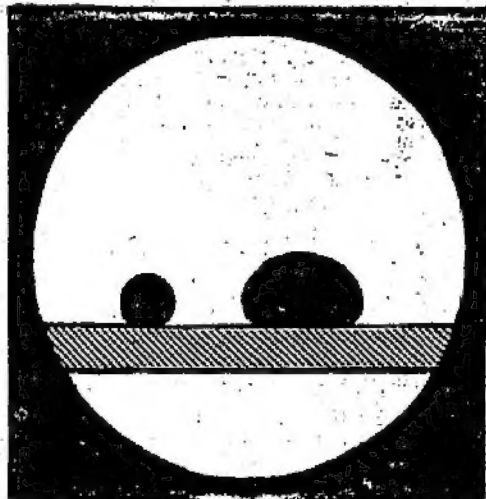


FIG. 16.

of you probably know how, by folding paper to make this little thing which I hold in my hand (Fig. 15). It is called a cat-box, because of its power of dispelling cats when it is filled with water and well thrown. This one, large enough to hold about half a pint, is made out of a small

piece of the *Times* newspaper. You may fill it with water and carry it about and throw it with your full power, and the strength of the paper skin is sufficient to hold it together until it hits anything, when of course it bursts and the water comes out. On the other hand, the large one made out of a whole sheet of the *Times* is barely able to withstand the weight of the water that it will hold. It is only just strong enough to allow of its being filled and carried, and then it may be dropped from a height, but you cannot throw it. In the same way the weaker skin of a liquid will not make a large quantity take the shape of a ball, but it will mould a minute drop so perfectly that you cannot tell by looking at it that it is not perfectly round every way. This is not easily seen with quicksilver. A large quantity rolls about like a flat cake, but the very small drops obtained by throwing some violently on the table and so breaking it up appear perfectly round. You can see the same difference in the beads of gold now upon the screen (Fig. 16). They are now solid, but they were melted and then allowed to cool without being disturbed. Though the large bead is flattened by its weight the small one appears perfectly round. Finally, you may see the same thing with water if you dust a little lycopodium on the table. Then water falling will roll itself up into perfect little balls. You may even see the same thing on a dusty day if you water the road with a water-pot.

If it were not for the weight of liquids, that is the force with which they are pulled down towards the earth, large drops would be as perfectly round as small ones. This was first beautifully shown by Plateau, the blind experimentalist, who placed one liquid inside another which is equally heavy and with which it does not mix. Alcohol is lighter than oil, while water is heavier,

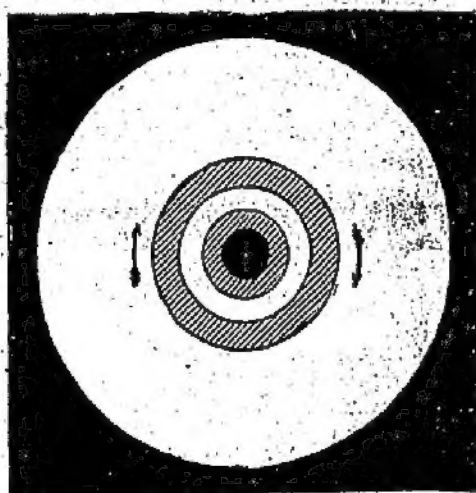


FIG. 17.

but a suitable mixture of alcohol and water is just as heavy as oil, and so oil does not either tend to rise or to fall when immersed in such a mixture. I have in front of the lantern a glass box containing alcohol and water, and by means of a tube I shall slowly allow oil to flow in. You see that as I remove the tube it becomes a perfect ball as large as a walnut. There are now two or three of these balls of oil all perfectly round. I want you to notice that when I hit them on one side the large balls recover their shape slowly, while the small ones become round again much more quickly. There is a very beautiful effect which can be produced with this apparatus, and though it is not necessary to refer to it, it is well worth while now that the apparatus is set up to show it to you. In the middle of the box there is an axle with a disc upon it to which I can make the oil adhere. Now if I slowly turn the wire and disc the oil will turn also. As I gradually increase the speed the oil tends to fly away in all directions, but the elastic skin retains it. The result is that the ball becomes flattened at its poles like the earth itself. On increasing the speed, the tendency of the oil to get away is at last too much for the elastic skin, and a ring breaks away (Fig. 17), which almost immediately contracts again on to the rest of the ball as the speed falls. If I turn it sufficiently fast the ring breaks up into a series of balls which you now see. One cannot help being reminded of the heavenly bodies by this beautiful experiment of Plateau's, for you see a central body and a series of balls of different sizes all travelling round in the same direction (Fig. 18); but the forces which are acting in the two cases are totally distinct, and

what you see has nothing whatever to do with the sun and the planets.

We have thus seen that a large ball of liquid can be moulded by the elasticity of its skin if the disturbing effect of its weight is neutralized, as in the last experiment. This disturbing effect is practically of no account in the case of a soap-bubble, because it is so thin that it hardly weighs anything. You all know, of course, that a soap-bubble is perfectly round, and now you know why; it is because the elastic film, trying to become as small as it can, must take the form which has the smallest surface for its content, and that form is the sphere. I want you to notice here, as with

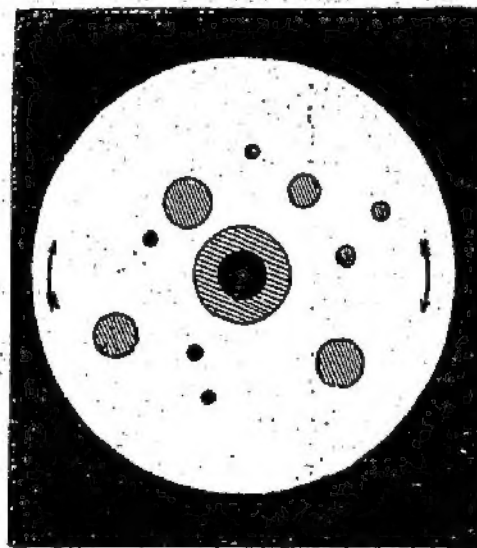


FIG. 18.

the oil, that a large bubble oscillates much more slowly than a small one when knocked out of shape with a bat covered with baize or wool.

The chief result that I have endeavored to make clear to-day is this: The outside of a liquid acts as if it were an elastic skin, which will, as far as it is able, so mould the liquid within it that it shall be as small as possible. Generally the weight of liquids, especially when there is a large quantity, is too much for the feeblely elastic skin, and its power may not be noticed. The disturbing effect of weight is got rid of by immersing one liquid in another which is equally heavy with which it does not mix, and it is hardly noticed when very small drops are examined, or when a bubble is blown, for in these cases the weight is almost nothing, while the elastic power of the skin is just as great as ever.

(To be Continued.)

THE KING'S BOUNTY.

We had come in our Mission Home to a place of almost greater extremity than we had ever been allowed to reach before. Our money was entirely gone and the food in the house was all but exhausted, while our family was a large one and a hungry one. While we did not understand why our gracious Father should allow us to be thus in want and to stand so close to a still greater want, we remember that our faith was greatly strengthened, and that we were permitted to trust and to confidently rest in the perfect love that works no ill. Believing that the promises of God would be fulfilled, we made known our needs to no one outside of our Home, but individually and as a family continued to wait in prayer upon the living God. We had finished breakfast one morning, at which we had eaten almost the last article of food in the house, and had had our morning prayer service, when a lady friend, who had given her son to China, was shown into the parlor. I was surprised to see this visitor in the Home at that early hour of the day, knowing that she lived a long distance from us; and I was still more surprised when, having seated herself, she told me the following story in about these words: 'I have come this morning to give you ten dollars. Last night I was sitting up with a sick friend, and during the hours of the night had much opportunity for thought and prayer. While sitting alone, I began to wonder what I could do for the Mission, and the Lord seemed to remind me of ten dollars which I had, and to say to me, "Go and give the China Inland Mission ten dollars." I immediately remembered that I had laid the money aside for a cloak which I wished to buy, and I answered, "But, Lord, I have put the money aside for a cloak, and I need it." Again the Lord seemed to say

to me, "Go, give the China Inland Mission ten dollars." Again I answered, "But, Lord, I need the cloak." Still again the Lord seemed to answer, "Go, give the China Inland Mission ten dollars." There was a real and prolonged struggle, but at last I replied, "Yes, I will do so." I went home from my friend's house, got the ten dollars, and have come directly here. I must confess I was almost startled at such a revelation of the Lord's direct dealing with one of His children. I could not doubt the story, however, as the friend who was before me was a most devout and sober-minded child of God.

However, I was not quite sure that the gift of the money was really an answer to our prayers and a provision for our need, as the lady, in offering the amount, had not designated it for us. In order to make certain of this, I asked, "And how would you like the money used?" The friend replied, "For your home expenses." If I was startled before, I was much more so now, for it was plain enough that the Lord had indeed spoken to His child and had sent her to us in answer to our prayer in this remarkable manner. But still I hesitated; remembering about the cloak, I had no heart to take the money offered, and asked our friend if she would not reconsider the matter, reminding her at the same time, that the money had been first of all designated for the purchase of that garment, and that she undoubtedly needed it. "Oh, no," she said, "I will have no peace until I give the money to you." I could hesitate no longer, and accepted with grateful thanks that which the Lord had so evidently sent. This gift, made under such peculiar circumstances, gave us the assurance, as few other answers to prayer have done, that we were indeed being accepted in Christ in the service which we were offering to Him. I may add also, that the dear friend who was thus used of God to minister to us, felt that she had obtained, through her gift, one of the largest blessings of her life; for though she had lost the cloak which she had intended buying, she felt that she had obtained from the Lord's own hand that "garment of praise" which gives the true-hearted followers of Christ such joy to wear.—*China's Millions.*

OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

It creates no wealth, it earns nothing, it lives upon the earnings of other trades; it adds nothing whatever to the wealth or power of the State, nor to the prosperity or comfort of the people. This trade is wasteful like war; it destroys more of the wages of the people and the results of useful industries than "war, pestilence and famine combined"; it creates more than three-fourths of the poverty, pauperism and crime of the country, and more than one-half of the insanity; it inflicts a premature and shameful death upon more than sixty thousand people annually; it transforms hundreds of thousands of good industrious citizens into drunkards, vagabonds and tramps, it sends an infinite misery into hundreds of thousands of homes; it puts the people down and keeps them down; its effect is to make the people ignorant, coarse, vulgar, brutal, enemies to law, order and good government. Such are part of the certain effects of this trade. There is not now and never has been in this country a locality where the policy of license has diminished the liquor traffic or the evils coming from it. No one has ever suggested that under license the demand for liquor would not be fully met and freely supplied. The friends of temperance in Maine will never consent to establish by law and give legal protection to a trade which inflicts far more evil upon the community than comes from all other causes of evil combined.—*Neal Dow.*

WINDOW FACES.

Windows look when opened wide
Laughing fit to split their side.

When they're only opened half
They seem to have a jolly laugh.

When they're raised a peg or two
They smile as bashful children do.

When they're shut and will not budge
They're quite as sober as a judge.

Look up and down the street, and see
If they laugh at you as they do at me.

—*Fourth's Companion.*

A. L. O. E.

The news of the death of A. L. O. E., will bring a thrill of sadness to the hearts of thousands whether old or young. There is probably hardly a Sunday-school child living in English speaking countries who has not read some of her books. A writer in the *British Weekly* gives the following sketch of her life:—

Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker, better known as A. L. O. E., (a lady of England) died on December 2, at Amritsar, in the Punjab, aged seventy-two. She was the daughter of Mr. Henry St. George Tucker, who was connected with India for over sixty years. In 1786, when only fifteen, Mr. Tucker went to Calcutta as a midshipman on board an Indianman, and in 1792 he became a member of the Bengal Civil Service. He rose to be Accountant-General in India, and afterwards a director in England of the East India Company. He married in 1811, Miss Jane Borwell, of North Cavers, in Scotland. His death took place in 1850. Mrs. Tucker lived to see her daughter's name a housewife in every English speaking country. From 1855 to 1875 was the period of A. L. O. E.'s greatest literary activity. Her works fill eleven pages of Messrs. Nelson's catalogue, and nearly as many columns in the catalogue of the British Museum. They include over forty separate volumes. Perhaps her most ambitious production was a tragedy in five acts, entitled 'The Castle of Carlsmont,' which appeared in 1868. She also published several volumes of hymns and poems, but it was by her stories that she found her way into every corner of the land. We doubt whether any writer during that period gave so much pleasure to so wide a circle of readers. In the remotest Sunday-school libraries her yearly tale was eagerly expected. Country librarians used to find that no books wore out so quickly as A. L. O. E.'s. The news of her death must have recalled to thousands some of the happiest hours of their childhood.

Her vivacity, gaiety, and sympathetic spirit made her dear to young and old alike, but she never forgot the great purpose of her life—to be a Christian teacher. When her mother died she was free to devote herself to the work of Indian missions, and in October, 1875, she sailed for the Punjab. She never saw England again. One who welcomed her on her first arrival says: 'She came to us early one bright morning, and instantly our hearts went out to the gentle lady. Her soft, grey hair, drawn smoothly away from a fine brow, her clear eyes full of intelligence, and the frank, sweet smile playing over her features, made hers a very attractive face. How thoughtful she was for the comfort of others; how keenly she appreciated what was good and beautiful around her.' On the day after her arrival she took her place among the native Christians in the mission chapel. Miss Tucker's is a missionary family. Her brother, who fell in the Indian Mutiny, was full of the missionary spirit, and her nephew, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, is well known as the head of the Salvation Army's work in India. Miss Tucker spent the last years of her life as an honorary worker in the Church of England Zenana Society. Those who saw her during recent years tell of the ceaseless energy with which she visited in the town and district of Batala, where her station was. 'On fine days,' she would explain, 'I visit in the country; on wet days I am busy in town.' Now she has passed away to her well-earned rest, and England and India join as mourners at her grave.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES.

A STORY FROM FACT.

By Mrs. Clara Smith Colton.

Some years ago, in a town in the West, a new teacher was added to those employed in the public school. She was a pale, silent, sad-eyed girl, of whom no one knew anything except that she was a faithful teacher. She boarded herself in a distant part of the town. Her one school dress, a gray flannel, was old and thin, but it was kept scrupulously darned and cleaned.

'She has only one collar and white apron,' said a pupil, scornfully, 'and she washes them out on Saturdays.'

'No wonder she coughs,' said another, 'wearing that little, pinched walking-jacket and straw hat.'

'She looks as if she lived on tea and crackers one week and crackers and tea the next,' said rich Lulu Armitage. 'Where does her salary go? Perhaps she has to hire some one to keep still about her history, or, perhaps, she is paying a lawyer to get some disgraced relative out of trouble.'

'It's very peculiar, to say the least,' chimed in another. 'We can't take her into our set until we know more about her.'

Young Mrs. Allen, who usually decided the status for new comers, said:

'She has a good face; I pride myself on being a judge of character, and I despise such gossip about her. But the truth is, she is a sort of social betwixt and between, and I can't see where she can be placed properly.'

So the new teacher remained unplaced, and, as she did not seek companionship herself, she went on her way alone. She never remained in the library to chat with the other teachers. 'Perhaps she would if we had asked her,' they said afterward.

She sat in a back seat in church, and slipped quietly out as soon as service was over. Perhaps she would not have hurried so had those in the same pew kindly de-

One of the teachers said, 'If I thought she was really ill I would go to see her; but she does live so far out and I don't know exactly where the house is. I guess she'll be here all right to-morrow in that everlasting black straw turban.'

Tuesday morning came bitterly cold, but the thin figure of Miss Mansfield was not seen struggling along in the wind toward the school building. The principal dismissed Miss Mansfield's room for the day and sent the substitute teacher and a high school girl to find out the reason of her continued absence. The family owning the house where she rented a room was away. The house itself was in a large yard of trees and stood at some distance from others. The young ladies went as they had been told to the 'north wing, the room opening on the porch,' and knocked. Getting no response they pushed open the door. In the dim light of the room, with drawn curtains, they saw Miss Mansfield, half sitting on the bed-lounge, with her little old jacket on over a faded wrapper. She had a school record book in her hand and examination papers were scattered about. There was no fire, no carpet on the floor, no furniture except two chairs, and a little table beside the bed-lounge, on which were school books and a Bible, and a plate of crackers and a cup and saucer. All these surroundings the visitors took in at a



THE LATE MISS TUCKER ("A.L.O.E.")

tained her. They, too, thought of this afterward. The minister noticed her one day and asked who she was, and was told:

'Oh, that's the queer new school-teacher, Miss Mansfield; she boards herself, does all her housekeeping in one room and washes on Saturdays, so she will hardly expect you to call on her.'

The minister also wished afterward that he had asked some one besides Mrs. Allen about her.

The pupils of the new teacher soon began to reflect in their conduct the partly expressed and partly suppressed suspicion regarding her. They grew saucy and neglectful of lessons, and some of the bolder ones went to the principal with complaints. He reproved them mildly and reminded Miss Mansfield rather severely that she must 'maintain a good standard of discipline or her work would not be successful.'

One Friday Miss Mansfield did not come to the school as usual. A substitute was provided for the day and again on Monday when Miss Mansfield did not come.

'I noticed that she had a severe cold last Thursday,' said the principal; 'I suppose she expected to be here and then found that she was not able, and had no way of sending me word. She will doubtless be in her place in the morning.'

glance, and hurried to the bed—shocked and full of pity.

But 'the new teacher' did not need their pity now. She did not feel the cold desolation of the room. There was a smile on the poor, pinched face, and the dark eyes had lost their feverish, anxious expression, as they seemed now to be looking upward upon unseen things. A pencil had fallen from her hand. She had left a few lines feebly traced: 'I feel strangely tonight. My head swims and I cannot think. If anything should happen to me, please send my month's salary to my mother at her address.' The name of an out-of-the-way little country place was given. On the open page of her Bible was pinned a poem clipped from a newspaper:

If I should die to-night the eyes that chill me
With averted glance
Would look upon me pityingly, perchance,
And soften in a kindly way,
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
Oh, keep not your kindness for my cold, dead
brow!
My path is lonely. Let me feel your kindness
now.
Think kindly of me, I am travel worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
For friendship and for love I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The sympathy for which I long to-day,
To give some brightness to my weary way.

The room was soon filled with tearful, conscience-smitten neighbors. The physi-

cian said, 'Death from cold and lack of proper nourishment causing collapse or complete exhaustion.' The nearest neighbor said, 'She froze and starved to death and I living within a stone's throw.'

They found that her salary had been sent home every month to a bedridden father and mother and a feeble sister, to keep them out of the poor-house and to pay back bills for medicines.

The town where this happened is no less charitable or social than others. The teachers and the church people are no less kind. They sent a sum of money to the poor parents, and the papers spoke of the 'many mementos in memory of Miss Mansfield, whose sudden and sad death has cast a gloom over the whole community.' Many kind-hearted people said, 'If we had only known about her in time!'

Said the teacher who related this story to me: 'To think that I kept still when people talked about her. I used to see that they had no ground for it, but because some of the prominent ladies slighted her I never said a word in her favor. It makes me feel as if I had helped kill her by my cowardly silence. As the minister said, "We saw her a stranger and we took her not in;" now it is too late.'—*Congregationalist*.

WHOLESOME READING FOR THE CHILDREN.

It is hard to start a child toward heaven without the help of good books.

Why isn't it just as cruel to starve the mind of a child as it is to refuse to give him bread?

Unless the mind of a child is fed with that which is good and wholesome, it will be as sure to go astray as a starving sheep.

If parents don't look after the feeding of their children's minds the devil will.

When sheep can't do any better they will devour brush and blackberry bushes, and the same is true of the lambs in every farmer's house.

Some of the daily newspapers are as good helps as the devil wants for starting children toward the pit, and yet they are taken into the home and put into their hands, while the Bible is on a high shelf out of their reach, covered with dust.

Too many parents let their children fill their minds with blood and thunder trash, and then find fault with the preacher because they do not join the church.

To be sure it will cost something to put good books and newspapers into the hands of the children; but it will cost a great deal more not to do it.—*Ram's Horn*.

WHAT BLOCKS THE WAY.

What a vast improvement would result in the physical comfort of the families of the working men if the money now spent for beer and ale were used for food, clothing and fuel. This estimate has reference to physical comfort only; but there is also a moral aspect which every man who cares for his fellow man cannot fail to be deeply interested in.

It is the liquor traffic only that blocks the way so that this vast amount of money, the wages of labor, is squandered in beer instead of being spent for the comforts of home. The rum-sellers do their utmost to divert this money to their own pockets, leaving wives and children to freeze and starve. The law of Maine strives to protect the homes. Is one year in jail too harsh a penalty for the villains whose trade it is, in violation of law, to blast them as by fire?—*Neal Dow*.

THREE-FOLD

Little by little the clouds that have long shrouded Africa are lifting. A treaty has at length been signed at Brussels, by all the great powers, in which they bind themselves to do their best for the suppression of the African slave trade. France and the United States hung back for a time, but have fallen into line, and the civilized world is now united. The object of the treaty is three-fold—to put down the slave trade, to restrict the sale of fire arms, and to reduce the sale of intoxicants.—*The Missionary*.

WHENEVER a stone is thrown at church entertainments it always hits somebody who is not bringing all the tithes into the store-house.

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children.
The fun, and the cheer, and the play:
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the 'Mother has had her day!'

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee,
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white;
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning,
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence;
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim:
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day:
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me isn't fair.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

'WATCH AND PRAY LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION.'

MAE MURRAY.

Yes? We used to be Christians, at least we called ourselves such. We went to church and the class-meetings, and were always found Thursday evenings in our accustomed place at the cozy little chapel. But when we came away up here to live, everything was so different. There wasn't any church, no prayer-meetings. Yes? I had my Bible and—what? Didn't I know God was here as well as everywhere? Yes, but oh! everything was so unlike what it had all been before. Yes, sir, I could pray, but somehow God seemed so far away, not coming close up to your heart like.

And John didn't seem the same either. He would wander around when Sunday came, and act as if he didn't know what to do with himself. And such Sundays! They were more like a day of moving in and moving out. An addition to the perhaps too small house, a summer kitchen, some new wall paper put on—all these things would be going on. They were only board houses, you know, and the men all worked in the mills, and had no time for this during the week. Then others would make the day one of hunting and fishing.

It seemed as if everything went wrong with John and me from the first. The children got sick, that dread scourge, diphtheria, came, and when it left us we had laid our little Bess and Jim under the shadow of the tall pine trees, where the wind moans and sighs all the day and all the night, with just a board fence around to keep out anything that might trample on the little mounds that were daily wet with my tears. Does it seem strange we forgot to pray? Well, maybe it does, to you, I don't know, but one day—oh, how long ago it seems! Sir, can you tell me just how much misery can be crowded into one day?—they brought my John home,—hurt, they said, while trying to stop a runaway team which was madly tearing down the one street we had, and directly towards some little children that were playing in the sand and sawdust. What! Oh, yes, he was a hero, my John. But what did that matter to me? He was my husband, and he was going away from me, and I shrieked in my misery. Then I thought of the great eternity, and had he gone all unprepared, as I felt him to be now? But he was not dead, they told me, badly

hurt, that's all. 'Thank God, there's time for repentance,' I cried. The men who had brought him in then went out. Then I crawled close up to the bed where my husband lay and tried to pray. 'But oh, I couldn't, I had been such a traitor. Now when trouble came, how quick I felt my need of Him I had neglected so long. Did you ever notice how many do that, sir? John moaned and opening his poor dear eyes says, 'Can't you pray, Mary?' Then I knew he felt the same as I did—that we had been slipping backward, backward, and although the dear Saviour kept reaching out his poor pierced hands to us, we had been turning our backs on him and his great love. Oh, it was a miserable time, sir. No doctor, no minister to talk with him, no praying brother or sister in the whole place.

Just then some one knocked at the door, I opened it. A lady stood there whom I knew to be a stranger.

'Won't you please give me a glass of water? I am so tired and warm,' she said.

'Come in and rest a moment, while I get the water,' and placing her a chair I went out. When I came in John was moaning away by himself.

'Have you some one sick?' she asked, in such a quiet, sweet tone.

'My husband—hurt,' I answered, and hurried on into the bedroom. But she rose and followed me. I felt hard at first to think a stranger should see us in our misery, but when she went up to John, and brushing back the hair from his forehead with her smooth, white hand said, as she leaned over him, 'My poor brother, you are badly hurt, aren't you?' then she raised her eyes to mine, and I saw they were full of tears. I broke down then, sir. It was the first time I had had any sympathy shown me, and oh, my heart was aching so. The neighbors meant well, but they didn't think of such things, you know, and they were all so busy.

'Do you think he is going to die, miss?' I cried.

'I'm afraid so, my dear.'

John was looking up at her with such a great longing in his eyes. I thought I could read the question in them.

'Oh, miss, can't you pray? Pray for my husband, and may God have mercy on us both.'

John smiled at me, and I knew I had asked the question that he could not.

'Do you feel your need of a Saviour, brother?' A spasm of pain swept over his face as he thought of the dear Saviour he had neglected so long.

'Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' and 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Do you believe this?

'Yes, yes,' he gasped.

'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And 'Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.' 'Believest thou this?' We both whispered yes, while the tears were running down John's face and mine too, sir.

'Let us pray,' and kneeling down by poor John's side, she began in a sweet, low tone that brings angels nearer and closer, sir. Then, 'Dear Heavenly Father, I pray you for the dear Christ's sake to come and take possession of these two dear hearts. Show them how thou hast loved and cared for them all the weary way. Give them a glimpse of that love which no man hath greater than this, that he lay down his life for them. Show them, though only in part, the things thou hast in store for those who put their trust in thee. One, we believe, is going soon to dwell in one of those mansions thou wentest to prepare for him, dear Jesus. Grant that he may know that he is accepted of thee, and that though his sins may have been like crimson, they are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb. And we will give thee glory and praise forever, dear Father.'

Rising, she commenced singing in the same low, tender voice:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

John gave a sigh. A sweet smile stole over his face, and closing his eyes, which had in them that look which 'only such as the ransomed ones know,' he went quietly

to sleep, and we knew he had gone with that plea in his heart and on his lips,

'But that Thy blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'
—Michigan Christian Advocate.

MRS. MORGAN'S QUARTER.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

'Only twenty-five cents.' It seemed so very, very small to Mrs. Morgan when she thought of what the others would give, though when she remembered the barrel of flour that they must have, the shoes for Kit, the medicine for Janie, and Tom shivering without an overcoat, it seemed much larger. When she thought of all those things it seemed to her that she could not spare even twenty-five cents for missions.

'I don't believe that I will go to the Circle,' she said to herself, 'and then I won't have to give anything. My poor little quarter won't amount to anything; the ladies will laugh in their sleeves to see me put it in the box with their five and ten dollar bills. The Lord knows I'd be glad to give more, but I honestly and truly cannot, so I'll just stay at home and sew.'

But somehow Mrs. Morgan did not feel comfortable in her mind as she settled herself to work.

'You know you're a coward,' whispered her conscience, very distinctly. 'You know, even if you hadn't but one cent to give, that you ought to go and give it. What if they do all give more; it won't be any excuse for you not doing your duty, will it? A quarter isn't enough to do any good? How do you know that? A dollar is only four quarters, and 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Suppose everybody who could only give a little should not give at all, wouldn't it make a difference? Besides, remember the loaves and fishes; ask the Lord's blessing on your gift, and though it may be small, yet it may have a power that a much larger one without his blessing would never have. Sarah Jane Morgan, you know that you ought to go to that Mission Circle meeting and give your quarter; so put up your work and go.'

And Mrs. Morgan put up her sewing, went to her room, took the despised quarter out of her pocket-book, and knelt by the bedside. 'Dear Lord,' she prayed, 'this is all I have to give to help thy cause. Thou knowest my heart and seest that I would gladly do more if I could. I humbly and earnestly ask thee to bless my little offering for the dear Christ's sake. Amen.'

Somehow that quarter seemed very different to Mrs. Morgan when she rose from her knees, and putting on her bonnet and shawl started for the meeting.

'I believe I'll stop for Mrs. Carter,' she thought, as she went along.

'N-o,' said Mrs. Carter. 'I've about given up going. I can't give much, for it's been a hard winter with us, and most of the ladies can give so much that I feel mean putting my mite in the box.'

'Just exactly the way I felt at first,' said Mrs. Morgan, laughing, 'but it isn't the right way. We must everyone do our own part, no matter how small it is. Now there is my Kit; she can do ever so much to help me, and Tottie can't do anything but take steps, but she oughtn't to refuse to do that because she can't do as much as Kit, ought she? And then the little steps do help wonderfully, after all, sometimes.'

'That's a good word, Mrs. Morgan. Thank you ever so much, and I'll remember it. Just wait a minute and I'll go right along with you.'

'John,' said Mrs. Thompson that noon to her husband, 'I want some money. The Mission Circle meets this afternoon, and then I want to do a few errands, so please give me ten or fifteen dollars.'

Mr. Thompson counted out fifteen dollars.

'I suppose the most of it is for the Mission Circle,' he said, laughingly.

'I'm not going to give but a dollar, anyway,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she dressed for the meeting. 'And I will stop at Leonard's on my way home and get that lovely lace scarf. I don't know but it is extravagant to pay ten dollars for it, but I do want it so much. Dear me, what would my dear, good mother say to me!' and Mrs. Thompson sighed as she remembered how far she had strayed from that mother's teachings.

Now it happened that Mrs. Morgan and

Mrs. Carter sat directly in front of Mrs. Thompson at the meeting, and she watched them curiously.

'I wonder what they find to be so interested in,' she thought.

'I am so glad that those two are out,' whispered Mrs. Allen. 'I do like that Mrs. Morgan so much; I believe she does more for missions than any of us, for she gives out of her poverty and prays over what she gives, which is more than some of the rest of us do, who don't deny ourselves any in giving either.'

Mrs. Thompson made no reply, but somehow she thought more and more of that dear mother. She had loved the cause of missions and prayed for it, and like Mrs. Morgan she had had but little to give.

'What would she say to me!' thought Mrs. Thompson for the second time that afternoon.

A little incident which she had not thought of for years suddenly came to her remembrance. She had discovered that her mother was denying herself some little comfort that she might have more to give, and she had tried to persuade her to use the money on herself.

'Will I offer to the Lord that which cost me nothing?' quoted her mother, earnestly. 'No, dear, it is a comfort to give up something for his sake.'

What if she should give up the coveted lace scarf—what if she should? How the strange question kept ringing in her ears! But after all it was Mrs. Morgan who decided it. Mrs. Thompson saw her take out her poor, worn little pocket-book—plenty large enough, though, to hold all Mrs. Morgan had to put into it. She watched her open it, and saw that it held only a quarter and a very little small change. She saw her take the quarter and drop it in the box with a joyful, wistful expression, and the hot tears filled Mrs. Thompson's eyes.

'She finds the comfort just as mother did,' she thought.

A minute later and a crisp ten dollar bill dropped softly from Mrs. Thompson's hand into the box.

'But my mother and Mrs. Morgan gave it,' said Mrs. Thompson to herself.

Mrs. Morgan never knew of her part in it, but what did that matter? She knew that she had done what she could.—Gospel in all Lands.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

The liquor traffic has been reduced by it to at least one twentieth of its former magnitude. In all our rural districts, in our smaller towns and villages, the traffic is practically unknown, where formerly it was universal. The condition of things extends over more than three-fourths of our territory, containing more than three-fourths of our population. Before the law there was no hamlet or settlement in Maine so small or so remote that the liquor traffic did not find it and plant a grog-shop there. We have not now in Maine a distillery or brewery; formerly we had many. The people of Maine used to consume in strong drink the entire value of all their property of every kind in every period of less than twenty years, the result of which was that our State was undoubtedly the poorest in the Union, while now it is among the most prosperous.—Neal Dow.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

In what body do they come? not in the body of flesh and blood. Rather is it reasonable to suppose that, as there is a natural body and also a spiritual body, so the latter or its immortal germ, is even now tabernacled in the former; and that at death it is disengaged from its companion clay, and stands forth at once unharmed by fire or sword, by accident or disease, its texture and organization finer and more delicate than we can now conceive. And this is the resurrection. Nor in the 'house from heaven' with which the soul is thus 'clothed upon,' does it lose for a moment its sure identity. Character gives to these earthly lineaments its own appropriate moral expression. More fully yet shall it shine through and reveal itself in the spiritual countenance.—Alfred P. Putnam.

ONE COPY of the newspaper does for a whole village in India, as it is passed from one family to another until it is literally read to pieces.



GOOD NIGHT, BABY.—From Drawing by Robert Barnes, A.R.

RAILWAY BLOCK SIGNALS.

On the common highway the driver always looks out for his own safety. On the railway he cannot do this. A capable teamster avoids other teams without aid or advice from any one; but railway trains run so fast that the engine-driver needs to be told of any obstacle in his way some time before he reaches it.

To run at high speed around hills, or even on straight lines, in foggy weather, he must be made confident that, if there is any slow train ahead of him, he will be notified of the fact at the distance of several thousand feet, so that he may put on the brakes in season. Therefore, when a train is delayed, one of the brakemen must at once go back on foot to warn any following train. The rules requiring this have come to be among the most imperative in the railway service.

But in spite of this, collisions do occur through negligence of various kinds; and where trains have to be run very frequently, as in the neighborhood of large cities, the brakeman has no time to give an adequate warning however vigilant he may be. Therefore the block system is resorted to.

Under the block system there are signals, generally semaphore signals, fixed along the railway at convenient intervals, say from one-quarter of a mile to three or four miles apart. No train passes one of these signals until the driver knows that the last preceding train has passed beyond the next forward signal. There is thus no danger of a collision, however fast the train may run.

The necessary information is conveyed by telegraph. An operator is commonly stationed at each signal, though there are also automatic signals working without operators.

The block system has been in use on some of the crowded railways of England for thirty years, and on some important American roads for several years. This year the New York Central & Hudson River Company has equipped its road from New York to Buffalo, four hundred and forty miles, with signals and apparatus which provide unusually thorough protection. It is of this system that I wish to tell.

To form a clear idea of the block system, we must conceive of a railway track, on which trains run always in the same direction, divided into 'block sections.'

The peculiarity of the New York Central signals is that they are locked, by locks which are electrically connected from one station to another. This arrangement is intended to give the advantages of the man-operated and of the automatic signals combined, and has never before been used except on a few short roads.

The specific object of the lock is to prevent the operator, say at B, from carelessly sending a train to the next station C before C has notified him that the previous train has arrived and gone beyond the C signal.

The essential feature of the lock is an electromagnet—by which an electric current sent over a wire from C to B can, by opening and closing the circuit, be made to raise or lower an armature, which, in this case, fulfils the same function as the bolt of an ordinary lock on a door or a chest.

The details of the operation are very simple, though the instruments have a complicated look, and there are some accessories which I will omit for the sake of clearness.

Each semaphore consists of a post, with a movable arm fixed to it near the top. When this arm stands out horizontally it signifies that a train must not pass it;

when it hangs down, nearly in a perpendicular position, it indicated that a train may go on.

The arm is moved from one position to the other by a lever in the signalman's cabin, connected with the arm by iron rods. The arm, as it moves up, carries a red glass to a position in front of the light on the post, whereby signals are given at night.

Now the lever in the cabin is locked by an electromagnet under certain conditions, and the controlling of these conditions is the essential part of the ingenious invention which distinguishes the New York Central signals.

When a train is ready to go from B to C, the operator at B pulls the lever, thereby pulling his signal arm down or 'off,' and the engine-man puts on steam. As soon as the train has passed, the man puts the lever back, pulling the signal up or 'on,' and the lever becomes locked in that position.

Then the signal cannot be pulled off for another train until C closes an electric current, actuating the electromagnet to release the lock on B's lever; and C will not do this until the train has arrived and passed into the section beyond.

As the train proceeds, the men of C and D, at D and E, and so on, go through the same operations. The signalmen communicate to each other by electric bells, or by the ordinary telegraph, two rings of the bell meaning 'all right,' three mean, 'Is block section clear?' four mean, 'Train has entered the section,' and so on. It will be seen that the combination I have described makes it impossible for a signalman carelessly to admit a second train to a section, when there is danger of running into a preceding train, unless the man at the outgoing end of the section also blunders at the same time.

But there is still another safeguard provided, in the shape of an electric lock fixed to the 'plunger' or handle by which C unlocks B's lever. This lock on the plunger can be released only by the action of the wheels of the train, so that if C tries to authorize B to admit a second train while the first is still in the section, he finds his plunger unmovable.

The plunger lock is a common electromagnet, held closed by an electric circuit

which passes through the track. It flows from the battery, through about sixty feet of one rail of the track just beyond C's cabin, to the magnet, back to the opposite rail of the same piece of track, and thence to the battery again.

When a train passes over this place, no matter how quickly, the current instantly 'takes the shortest route home.' That is, nearly all of it flows from one rail to the other, through the wheels and axle of the engine or car, which are good conductors of electricity—and thus leaves the electromagnet 'dead,' so that the lock flies open. The rails to be electrified are insulated from the rest of the track by thick sheets of non-conducting material placed at their ends.

These simple safeguards constitute the essential features of the 'Sykes lock,' which enjoys such a high reputation among railway men. The inventor did a little thing, but his idea has vast importance. B cannot give a wrong signal because C checks him, and C cannot fail to check him because, if he forgets to watch for the



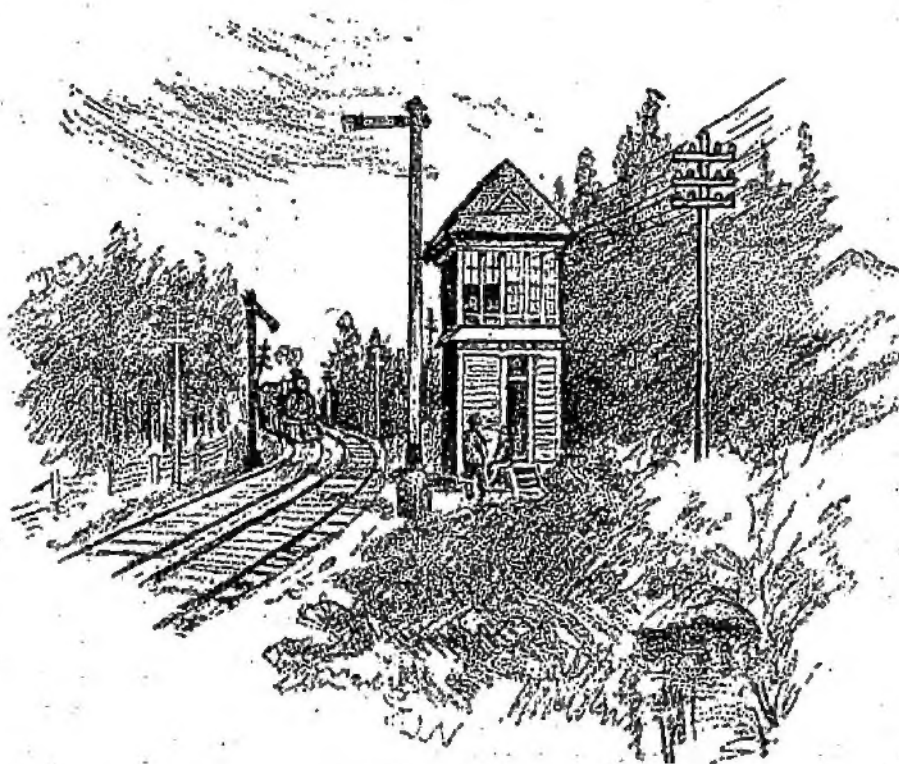
train, or goes to sleep and assumes that it has passed when it has not, the electromagnet, more conscientious than some human beings, will stay his careless hand.

To realize the great value of an elaborate safeguard like this, we must get some idea of the perplexities experienced by railway managers who have to do without it.

The superintendent who sends out a number of passenger trains over a five-hundred-mile road on dark and stormy nights has ground for a hundred fears. The brakeman on a delayed train may think the delay will not be very long, and decide that he need not go back around the curve to signal the following train. Another brakeman may go back, but go too short a distance, and the following train will not have time to slacken its speed.

In windy weather the brakeman's lantern may be blown out, and when there is ice on the ties he may fall through a bridge.

In a 'blizzard,' the man may be overwhelmed in the snow; for brakemen have been known to succumb to extreme cold, and give themselves up to the sleep that ends in death. If the brakeman does this, and the snow afterward covers his



SIGNAL STATION.

lantern, the train may rush by without any warning.

All these and other contingencies may result in a collision, if the expected train comes at the critical moment. Sometimes a brakeman neglects his danger signal to get a drink of beer or to chat with some one by the way. A brakeman in New Brunswick, being in a lonely wood on a dark night, frightened by the approach of a huge bear, was driven to desert his lantern.

Moreover, the engineer sometimes runs past a danger signal because he is not alert to see it in season, or because a blinding snowstorm or a thick fog has hidden it momentarily.

The block system cures all these troubles as completely as a strong bridge eases wayfarers who had been accustomed to wade the river.

The New York Central engineer can now run as fast as he pleases, whether the night be dark or light, and whether the fog be thick or thin. He can feel as safe from collision when running through a curved tunnel as when there are miles of the Mohawk Valley clear to his view.

For by the electric spark he is made as sure of his section of clear track to the next cabin as though no previous train had traversed the line for a month.—E. B. Adams jr., in *Youth's Companion*.

JOHNNY'S PALM.

BY ESTELLE M. HART.

Johnny Mackton sat in the end of the pew beside Miss Stanley. Johnny belonged to Miss Stanley's class in the Mission Sunday-school, and, with two or three of the other boys, had come, at her invitation, to the mid-week children's meeting that was being held at the big church on the avenue.

Johnny had never been inside the church before, and he stared about him with wondering eyes. How big it was! How beautiful the pictures in the stained-glass windows were! How many, many children were there! The music was the finest he had ever heard. He didn't pay a great deal of attention to the service at first, however, because there were so many strange things and people to look at.

But after a while, the man who had come from a long way off came down from the chancel, and stood at the head of the aisle to talk to the children. Then Johnny began to listen. He was a very large man, and he had such a genial face and such a hearty voice that the children all liked him even before he began to talk to them.

He told them, in a very simple way, about Jesus's entrance into Jerusalem on the Sunday before his crucifixion; how the people had crowded about him as he rode on the colt, with the coats of his disciples spread upon it; how they had praised him, calling him their king, and shouting 'Hosanna!' and how they had spread their garments and branches of palm trees in the way.

'There were doubtless little children there,' the minister said, 'and probably some of them threw down their little palm branches before him, too. How glad he must have been as he looked down at them and thought that they loved him!'

Very earnestly the little faces in the pews looked up at the good man as he told them the simple story.

'Children,' said he, 'you can do many things for Jesus that will make him happier than those little children made him when they threw their palms before him that Sunday morning in Jerusalem. The palms that he wants you to offer him are kind deeds and loving words and pure hearts. I wish that all of those who would like to cast such palms as those at the feet of Jesus would hold up their hands,' and he raised his own strong hand.

In an instant hundreds of little hands were uplifted. Such a happy smile came into the good man's face!

'I am thinking,' he said, 'how happy Jesus is now to see all of these little waving palms, just as he was when those other little children waved another kind of palm before him so long ago.'

Johnny looked at his own somewhat grimy hand, and wondered if Jesus wouldn't like it better if it were cleaner. He thrust both hands into his coat pockets when he thought of that, and sat very still and listened.

Then the minister told them that the

next Sunday would be Palm Sunday, the day when we commemorate the time which he had been telling them of, and said he hoped that they might all do some good deed on that day for Jesus's sake.

After that the organ played again, and the children all went down the aisle, and out into the vestibule, singing.

Johnny said 'Good-night' to Miss Stanley rather hastily when they got outside, and, telling the boys that he had business to attend to, he trudged down the street alone. But he didn't seem to be in any hurry about his business, for he walked very slowly after he had gotten away from the church, whistling softly to himself; and he finally sat down on the steps of a house, and, resting his chin in his hands, seemed to be thinking very earnestly.

The next Sunday morning was as bright and spring-like as a Palm Sunday morning should be. The warm sunshine poured in at the windows of the Mission Sunday-school room, and filled every nook and corner.

Miss Stanley's class was near the door. Looking out into the hall, just before the service began, she spied Johnny coming in with his cap in his hand, his eyes shining, and a little black-eyed morsel of a girl holding on to his coat, and clinging closely to his side in sudden shyness.

Miss Stanley went out to meet them. 'Why, good-morning, Johnny,' said she. 'Who is this?'

'She's Becky,' said Johnny—adding, in a lower tone, 'I brought her for a palm.'

'A palm?' repeated Miss Stanley, not sure she had understood, holding out her hand to the child.

'Yer know what the man said up at the church,' Johnny explained hastily, 'about doing things for Palm Sunday; and so I brought her. I thought she'd do for a palm.' This last rather anxiously.

They were strangely bright eyes with which Miss Stanley looked down at the little figure before her, clinging with tiny brown fingers to Johnny's rough coat.

'She is the very best kind of a palm,' she whispered to Johnny.

Miss Stanley's friend, Miss Lee, had a class of little girls across the aisle, and, with a word of explanation, the new-comer was left in her charge.

After the service was over, Johnny and Becky and the two ladies had a little talk in Miss Stanley's corner.

Johnny told them that, since Becky's mother had died, she had lived with 'ole Granny Goldstein' down on River street; that granny was cross to her and made her work very hard sometimes; and that he was saving some of his money, which he earned blacking boots and selling papers, to take care of Becky with by-and-by.

'I'm a-goin' to make a lady o' her,' he said, looking down with pride at the bright eyes of the little maiden by his side.

Miss Stanley promised to go to see Becky soon, and invited Johnny to come up to her house within a day or two, and have a little talk with her.

Wednesday morning found Johnny seated in an easy-chair in Miss Stanley's sitting-room, eating a rosy-cheeked apple, and listening, with wide-open, serious eyes, to the plan she unfolded to him.

'You see, Johnny,' she said, 'Miss Lee and I went down to call on Mrs. Goldstein yesterday, and we found that she isn't really Becky's grandmother. She likes to have Becky live with her, because she does errands for her, and helps her in a good many little ways. But it seemed to Miss Lee and me that Mrs. Goldstein was not a very kind old lady, and that her house wasn't a very nice place for Becky to grow up in.'

'Oh, Granny Goldstein's a terror! I knows her!' remarked Johnny.

'Well, out on the hill,' Miss Stanley continued, 'is a very nice house, where a kind lady takes care of little children who haven't any fathers and mothers; and I have made arrangements for her to take Becky to live with her. She will teach her to be a nice, gentle little girl, and will help her to grow up into a good, useful woman, by-and-by.'

'Do yer mean the 'Sylum?' asked Johnny.

'Yes,' Miss Stanley replied; 'it is the Orphan Asylum.'

'I don't like it,' said Johnny. 'I'd rather take care o' her myself.'

Miss Stanley almost smiled.

'But, Johnny dear, it would take a great

many years for you to earn money enough to take care of her; and meanwhile Becky ought to have a comfortable home, and somebody to teach her a great many things which she ought to know.'

'Oh, she's a cute one!' Johnny replied. 'She picks up a lot. I showed her how to count money, and how to do the easy readin' on handbills, myself; and there's lots o' things I can show her.'

Miss Stanley went to her writing-desk, and took from it a pretty little letter, which she had received a few days before from a little friend of hers. She read this letter to Johnny, then showed him a picture of the sweet-faced little girl who had written it. Johnny's eyes showed his admiration.

'Could you teach Becky to be such a little girl as that, do you think, Johnny?'

Johnny looked at the refined, intelligent little face, and then at the neatly written letter.

'Would they make her to be like that at the 'Sylum?' he asked, slowly.

'That little girl lived at this very asylum for two years, and then went to live with a dear lady whom I know.'

Johnny caught his breath. 'Could I go to see her?' he asked.

'I will take you, sometimes, myself,' Miss Stanley replied.

They had a long talk about it, Johnny reluctantly acknowledging that it was the best thing for his pet.

'And, Johnny,' Miss Stanley said at parting, 'you may be sure that none of the little children, so long ago, pleased Jesus more, when they threw their palms before him, than you have by bringing little Becky to us on Palm Sunday.'

'She was a good palm,—wasn't she?' said Johnny. 'I didn't hold up my hand very high, 'cause 'twasn't very clean; but I thought he'd like her for a palm.'

It was five years after, that Miss Stanley called her friend, Miss Lee, to the window of her parlor, one day.

'In your long absence from home, I wonder if you have forgotten my Johnny?' she said. 'There he goes now.'

And she smiled and nodded as a bright-faced lad, in the neat dress of a messenger-boy, raised his hat as he passed on the opposite side of the street.

'Of course I remember him,' Miss Lee replied. 'What a manly little fellow he has grown to be! And can you tell me what has become of that little black-eyed girl that he called his "palm"? Is she still at the asylum?'

'It is quite like a fairy-tale,' Miss Stanley replied. 'After a year or two, Dr. McDonald—he who talked to the children that afternoon in the church, you remember—heard the story, and was so much touched by it that he came here to see the child, and finally took her to his own home to live. He calls her his Palma, and she is growing into a tall, pretty girl, who will wear the name with grace. The good doctor has befriended Johnny in many ways, and he has invited him to his home, to spend Palm Sunday, this year, with his little protegee.—*Sunday-School Times*.

WHEN WILL THE END BE?

I have often wondered when the working temperance men and women will be rewarded for all their expenditure of labor, time and money by the complete suppression of the liquor traffic. The answer is now going about the country freely, to wit: when the churches shall wake up to their duty and responsibility. But when will that be? When intelligent men and women—the leaders of public opinion—shall clearly comprehend the relation which the liquor traffic bears to the poverty, pauperism, suffering, wretchedness and crime of the country. There are not many people who understand thoroughly the intimate relationship existing as cause and effect between the grog-shop and the evils of many kinds with which the community is burdened and cursed.—*Neal Dow*.

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